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Hundreds of Thousands of Workers

Inflated into the Income Tax Class.

The House revenue bill has now gone to the upper branch of Congress. It may be radically amended by the Senate; it may not be. But, Senate correction or no Senate correction, already it is being revised by the economic law.

The economic law is no slacker. It is on the job all the time. It is no Kitchin brawler. It bows straight to the line, through a Kitchin, undertaking to determine the industrial fate of a nation, skids all over the lot.

Chairman Kitchin's blatant boast has been that he would assess the expense of the war on that part of the country north of Mason and Dixon's line. His pertinacious ambition has been not merely to assess it north of Mason and Dixon's line, but to wring it out of a few hundred thousand persons north of Mason and Dixon's line. Therefore, he has drawn against industry taxes to kill industry. He has drawn against individuals taxes to empty their pockets. But the chicken that is plucked to its skin is incapable of furnishing more stuffing for feather pillows; the man or woman that is permanently strapped may become useless for further taxation purposes. The wheat field that is blasted by frost will provide no bread; the industry that is throttled in its necessary operations will yield slimmer production.

These things, Mr. Kitchin, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, has been doing his level best to bring about. Yet some of the things that he declared never should happen are actually taking place. He proposed, but God disposed.

Because Kitchin would strap them, tens of thousands of individuals may take fewer bonds than they were able to take before. Thousands of industrial and commercial concerns may be able to take fewer. Because Kitchin would strap them, tens of thousands of individuals may not be able even to pay the income taxes they paid before. Thousands of industrial and commercial concerns may be in the same boat. Nevertheless, the economic law takes Mr. Kitchin by the collar and shakes some of his economic astrophysics out of his system.

Deliberately Mr. Kitchin excluded millions and millions of American citizens from the income tax provisions. But now the higher cost of living is recruiting them by millions in the income tax army. The \$17 a week man goes up to \$22 or \$23 a week, still remaining in the income tax man's land. But the force which drives the \$17 a week man up to \$23 a week drives the \$20 a week man up to \$30 and the \$30 a week man up to \$40 and so on, until we have new income tax payers in droves, even on that sacred ground south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Some of the statistics of a single industry will illustrate how the income tax army is being recruited despite Mr. Kitchin. Since this country went into the war the better paid railway employees have had nothing like the advances that have been given in other industrial fields. Yet the official records show that more than 15,000 railway workers in general and division officers, averaging considerably lower than \$2,000 a year in 1917, have gone over the income tax top by several hundred dollars each in 1918. Some 6,500 travelling agents were far below the income tax deadline last year; now they are on the very edge of it, and goodness knows how far beyond it they will be next year. The same is true of nearly 6,000 train dispatchers. Some 4,000 yardmasters who were clear out of it until this year are now in the income tax zone. The same is true of some 22,000 yard engineers, while nearly 35,000 road freight engineers have gone over the income tax top, with more than 30,000 road freight conductors close at their heels. More than 20,000 passenger engineers and conductors were in the exempt dugouts last year; now they are right out on the firing line. Some 150,000 brand new income tax payers in this one field alone!

But a great deal more than this has happened. Hundreds of thousands working directly and indirectly for the Government—shipbuilders, steamfitters, riggers, iron and steel workers, general mechanics, munition workers

and the like—have had their earnings, through higher pay and through heavy overtime allowances, run up from \$24, \$27 and \$30 a week to \$50, \$60, \$70 and even \$80. Skilled labor, in other words, has been hoisted into the income tax class by war prices. That is where our colossal war costs are going—to limited numbers in millions of dollars, but to those general workers in billions of dollars.

Now, the fact that the higher wages are supposed to have been granted merely to keep up with the higher cost of living makes no difference in the way the earner of the higher wages is caught in the income tax lines. All must be girt for the mill.

Kitchin had the nerve to declare he never would lower the income tax line sufficiently to catch them, but he will never have the nerve to keep raising and raising the income tax line so that they can't get in, although they are being swiftly inflated by hundreds of thousands into the income tax class.

This is a matter of vast importance to the nation and to the world, whose fate hangs upon our part in the war. The thinking minds of the country always knew that if Kitchin took every penny of the rich man's income, every penny of the well to do man's income, it would not be enough altogether to finance the war for more than a few weeks. The thinking minds of the country always knew that if he took all the earnings of the corporations it would not be enough altogether to finance the war for more than a few weeks. Every thinking mind always knew that the big proportion, the overwhelming proportion, of the national income, which is the country's production, goes to the American people as a mass. Everybody knew but Kitchin. Yet neither with a low income tax exemption nor with general consumption taxes would this revenue creating genius go to the field where the revenues were and where they will be—namely, to the American people.

Secretary McAdoo of America is not economically cross-eyed. He has seen it all from the beginning. He has forecast it to the end. So, although he could not get Mr. Kitchin of Scotland Neck, N. C., to see the truth or to admit it when he saw it, the Secretary still did not become unduly excited even when panic burst over Washington at the news that the war in this fiscal year would require several billion dollars more than Washington had estimated. No doubt when we begin to hear from the Senate we shall find that there are minds as clear there as in the Treasury Department. No doubt the Senate will not try to close mills and factories and foundries, but will try to keep them open. No doubt the Senate will recognize that all Americans, men of big incomes and men of little incomes, wish to dedicate to the winning of this war all the taxes they can pay, but that it is sheer fool business for the Government to tax men, to tax industries, to tax anything out of taxable existence.

Yet, even if the Senate cannot succeed in putting reason and safety and effectiveness into the revenue measure of Mr. Kitchin of Scotland Neck, N. C., the law of economics will still be on the job.

Queen Marie's Revolt Against Germany.

Dr. WILHELM SOLE, the German Colonial Secretary, and Field Marshal MACKENSEN have been ordered to Bucharest, according to a despatch from Amsterdam. The semi-official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, quoted in the despatch, says that an "agitation" has been started in Rumanian districts unoccupied by the German military forces "which aims at nothing less than to induce Rumania to side with the Entente and to declare war again against the Central Powers."

The Rumanians do not forget, nor are they ever likely to forget, that they were cheated out of their share in the war through the treachery of STRUMER and SOKHOMILOFF, the two evil geniuses of Russia. Before the Rumanians had an opportunity to prove their strength or to carry out their military plans they were betrayed into the power of Germany, to be robbed of their national resources and defenses, and subjected by the exactions of a military treaty to a political and economical subservience to Berlin. There has been a sullen and defiant opposition to the enforcement of the demands and uprisings of the people against their oppressors have resulted in frequent clashes between the Rumanians and the German army of occupation.

That this opposition may have seen some hope in the early successes of the present Balkan offensive is possible. But the willingness of German official and semi-official newspapers to acknowledge the "seriousness" of the agitation and their statements that it has the encouragement of King FERDINAND and that "the soul of the movement is admittedly Queen Marie" are significant. Vienna and Berlin have for years made the Queen the subject of attacks. These attacks were especially malevolent and cruel when she exerted all her power and influence to align Rumania with the Allies.

The former Rumanian Premier, TAKE JONESCU, in his interview in Paris, said that he had positive knowledge that "the Germans will seize the first opportunity for deposing the present dynasty and replacing it by a German princeling, who would definitely accept the humiliating role forcibly imposed upon the

King of Rumania at the present time, that of being in reality a state prisoner." Berlin would welcome the present agitation, insidiously credited to the leadership of the Queen, as a long sought pretext for carrying out this design. There can be no doubt that the mission of Dr. SOLE and Marshal MACKENSEN will result in further oppression and humiliation for Rumania.

The Note on Russia's Horror.

The telegram which Secretary Lansing has sent to the American representatives in all allied and neutral countries, asking that civilization register its abhorrence of the slaughter in Russia, takes pains to say that the immediate action which should be taken "is entirely divorced from the atmosphere of belligerence and the conduct of war." That clause probably is for the ears of the neutrals, who see, as well as the horror of the murders, the German purpose behind them. These neutral nations, some of them already the victims of German frightfulness, may be moved not only by the appeal to humanity but by the fact that Germany, which has established anarchy in Russia, would be quick to try it on in any other land where it would serve her interests.

The American attempt to arouse all decent nations against the Russian outrages is avowedly "to impress upon the perpetrators of these crimes the aversion with which civilization regards their present wanton acts." Of course the mere aversion of civilization would not deter LENINE and TROTSKY and their vicious followers from keeping on. They are criminals, but they are not idiots, and they know quite well how the outer world regards the butcheries which they have incited under German pay. We have, however, to read between and beyond the lines of Washington's note. An expression of aversion—one with teeth in it—might indicate to the betrayers of the Russian people the intent of civilization to follow the pen with the sword.

The conspirators in Russia can hope for little help from a Germany that is falling back to her own frontier, beaten. LENINE and his crew know this. The prospect of having not only the allied Governments but also the neutral nations arrayed against them might cause them to halt the red debacle. Fear, not shame, will check them.

The Spirit Back of the Austrian Disaffection.

Jugo-Slavs, a report from Washington says, will soon receive official recognition from the United States. The acknowledgment of the right of the southern Slavs to a separate national existence will be in intent and purpose the same as the declaration of Czechoslovak independence. This is the recognition of practically the entire Slav population of Austria-Hungary, numerically the strongest racial element of the country. It represents a separatist movement involving the whole or the eastern portion of the Dual Monarchy, a line unbroken, save for the Hapsburg crown lands of upper Austria and Styria, from the German frontier to the southern boundary of Dalmatia and Bosnia.

The impotence of the Austro-Hungarian Government against the separatist tendency of the Slavs is one of the remarkable outgrowths of the war. The *Rheinische Westfälische Zeitung*, the Krupp organ at Essen, expresses the Teutonic fear in this movement in saying that since the recognition by Great Britain and the United States of the Czechoslovaks the agitation for the establishment of an independent Slav State "has risen to unprecedented heights and the Austrian Government seems unwilling to dare to take action against the traitors."

It is perhaps not so much fear that hails repressive measures by the Austrian Government as its inability to meet the actual difficulties which the attempts would involve. The opposition of Hungary to the conduct of the war, to the dominance of Berlin and to occupying a minor position in the monarchy presents an almost equally serious problem to Austria. Hungary has openly questioned Austria's right to force her continuance in the war and has accused Austria of sacrificing Hungarian troops on the battlefield to attain purely German ends. Here, however, there has been an organized Government with an able Premier at its head to deal with, and a representative parliamentary body to give voice to the dissatisfaction of the people. But in the Slavs Austria meets an apparently leaderless body, but at the same time a masterful power united through some mysterious, intangible, indescribable means for the attainment of a common purpose.

In the Jugo-Slav movement there has not been the name of a single leader that has appeared. The conference of Corfu was called apparently by the Serbian Premier, PARSCHI. It was the South Slavs, not any especially designated leader, who drew up the declaration of Corfu and who gave the conference its national character. In the dramatic journey of the Czechoslovaks across Russia there has been named no leader, in their struggle to maintain the position of the Allies in Siberia and in Russia in Europe there has been no one individual who has assumed command or sought honors for himself.

The Austrians have found this same difficulty of fixing upon some definite leadership in their efforts to forestall the desertions of Slavs to the enemy. There are reported to

be 30,000 Austrian Slavs fighting with the Serbs in the Balkans. There are Czechoslovaks in all the armies along the western front. They have joined the enemies of Austria not, apparently, at the solicitation of any high representative of their race, but as individuals. The Austrians were evidently unaware of the lack of loyalty of their Slav regiments in the recent Italian offensive until the beginning of the advance.

To this fact the Vienna reports laid much of the responsibility for the failure of the offensive. The Austrian official report complains that although the military commanders had been indefatigable in urging the Czechs to fight, they admitted a heavy desertion to the Italian lines. These Czechs, it was stated, gave information to the Italians that defeated all the surprises planned by the Austrian commanders. "The main share of these revelations," says an Austrian communiqué, "the military command has reason in ascribing to Lieutenant KARL STINY of an infantry regiment, who deserted near Noventa." Another official report says that RUDOLF PARSCHI, of a machine gun unit, jumped into the Piave and swam the river at the risk of his life. "He revealed position, strength and disposition on his sector. He revealed also plans for our crossing the Piave." The significant feature in these reports was the absence of any evidence of a concerted plan of action among the Slav people, but acknowledgment of an attainment through apparently individual acts of a well designed and unified purpose.

The Slavs' fight for independence is thus not a manufactured, manipulated movement of a few self-chosen leaders, but the mind of a great people expressed in action. It is the same spirit that kept alive in the Serbs through four centuries of Turkish misrule the love of freedom and the determination to preserve their nationality. It is the spirit of a united race, struggling for release from oppression, a spirit which Hapsburg autocracy now sees that it will never again be able to conquer.

It is a comfort to know that the United States has taken first place in ship production, and that last month our ship deliveries amounted to more than all the tonnage, allied and neutral, that was destroyed by the enemy. If we are doing so well now, in spite of the slacking of Mr. Fraz, how much better our shipbuilders will do when General CROMWELL has kicked the shirkers out of the yards!

The soldier who shot twice at TROTSKY and missed him should be imprisoned in a school of marksmanship.

The American delegates now in Europe, engaged upon the genuine peace movement, number 175,000.

As we understand Mr. Hoover, there will be no food rationing in this country as long as each consumer rules his appetite with a firm hand.

Thermometers to the contrary notwithstanding, it is still summer, and it will be summer until 8:45 o'clock this afternoon.

Janitors propose union with tenants—headline.

Is the millennium coming, or merely Christmas?

WHAT HANDICAPS COOKS.

The Lack of Time Is Harmful to Artistic Effort.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Born and raised in a large European city, among other things famous for its art of cooking, I have been thinking of writing you a long time about the lack of time which is such a handicap to the cook. I am writing you now because I am sure that you will be interested in the subject. I am writing you now because I am sure that you will be interested in the subject. I am writing you now because I am sure that you will be interested in the subject.

One of our metropolitan institutions, however, has so far escaped regulation. This is the more to be regretted because it can so easily be avoided. I refer to the luxurious afternoon teas as served in our leading hotels. There I am sure, no objection to the partaking of a refreshing cup of tea, but if it turns into a ceremonial feast with mountains of rich pastry a halt ought to be called.

When one strolls through our leading hotels on any afternoon about tea time and sees these tables laden with pastry immediately before the essential evening meal is to take place, one cannot help expressing the desire that the Food Administration's attention be called to this unnecessary extravagance in food, wheat and sugar. A hint from the Food Administration to our hostesses would speedily call an end to these unnecessary non-essentials.

NEW YORK, September 21.

TELEPATHY.

A Form of Communication Which the Government Hasn't Taken Over.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: What appears to your readers as a "problem" is very easily explained. Most of the phenomena such as that which he recounts are merely coincidences, in which the element of telepathy does not enter in any degree whatsoever.

A thought becomes a telepathic message only when it is projected from the mind of a person to the mind of another person. The mental effect was something extraordinary. The delirium tremens disappeared and I breathed defiance at the other ailments, which now included a sharp attack of pleurisy in the right side.

For seven days I battled with the pneumonia delirium, the chief feature embracing a vivid production of a wild West moving picture in the making, in which about 1,000 people and 500 horses were used. The surroundings were those of Fort Kennedy, Pa., a moving picture amphitheatre, the woods. I recognized all these scenes and the 500 horses trampled over me regularly. Strange to say, thirty-one days after I had entered the hospital I was down on the plains of Oklahoma, riding a bronco and recuperating in splendid fashion.

The foregoing marks my last and most colorful of spectacular escapes.

Now for the draft. I am in it. I signed up at ten minutes after 3 on the 10th of September 12. What do I see? The battlefield, with German single guns and machine guns and angry bayonets? Nothing of the sort. The psychic hunch leads in the other direction, and my psychic hunches are absolutely reliable.

With the grand crush of Pershing as reported in today's despatches I see the beginning of the end. It is what the psychic already has foretold. We will never get there. We won't be needed. My last grand final escape has been recorded. The drafting of yours obediently spells the end of the war. I trust that 15,000,000 fellow draftees will feel their last thrill stamp on my prediction. Surely they will admit that my record for escaping death by violence is not to be sneezed at.

BEAUMONT O'REILLY.

GRAYMOOR-IN-THE-WILDERNESS, September 20.

TRADE BRIEFS.

There is a marked shortage of benzene, gasoline and other motor spirits in New Zealand, which is interfering to some extent with minor industries in that country, especially dairying and farming interests, since it is difficult to secure sufficient supplies to operate dairy and farm machinery that is now being extensively operated.

A pencil factory has just been installed at Shanghai, China. The machinery installed is from Japan, and the factory is in charge of a Japanese expert. The present output is about 100 gross daily, and it is expected that 200 gross will be reached.

In the latter part of 1917 a Swedish firm with a capital of \$402,800 was organized to manufacture typewriters to meet Scandinavian demands and in the hope of successful entry into foreign markets. Despite the output from this company and the German typewriter works, the Scandinavian demand is reported greater than the supply. The new Swedish firm has planned to manufacture 500 machines a month and to open branch offices throughout Scandinavia.

Problems of Worrying Ownership.

Knicker—What's worrying Jenkins? Boker—He is trying to figure out whether his solitary and the railroad will be returned after the war.

THE HUN'S FOUL TRICKS.

A Sixty-ninth Man Writes of German Misuse of the Red Cross.

DEAR UNCLE BILL: Since I received your letter of June 27 I have had quite a lot of excitement which began on July 16 while on a certain big front through the Hun's wish to push his best troops, the Prussian Guards, could not help him in this case, because there were a bunch of Hun Irishmen against them. We left them—or rather what was left of them—where they started and went to a place which was beginning to show greater promise for a real battle.

On July 23 the old Sixty-ninth met the Hun again, this time on the front, and here again the Prussian Guards were pitted against us. This time we had them on the open and gave the Hun no time to dig in. We sailed in as armchairs against his machine guns with our good old Springfield. Wow! how they did hop. We advanced without artillery support, this because the doughboys were pushing the Hun back so fast that the artillery, much to their sorrow, could not keep up with us.

On account of comensal rules mentioned towns or rivers, etc., but suffice it to say that we went far past our objectives.

The Hun as usual was playing rotten foul tricks. He dressed his slaves in French uniforms as stretcher bearers, and these carried his machine guns and ammunition in their stretchers instead of wounded. His airplanes swooped down and used their machine guns on the wounded that were being carried off the field. He also threw his shrapnel shells at our Red Cross station, which was well and unharmed.

In this place a bunch of us were laid out helpless on stretchers waiting for ambulances. They put one shell in a hollow space around which the Red Cross building was situated and about fifty feet from where I was lying, but luckily the shrapnel got none of us.

At this place I found the Hun's machine runners chained to their guns and at other lots of dead women dressed in Hun uniforms, who had been operating the guns beside which they were found. During our march to the point of attack we passed through woods and villages hastily evacuated by the Hun. In these places he left behind rifles, trench mortars and enough ammunition to start another drive against the Allies.

The Hun does not like our bayonet above all other things, and the Yanks take great delight in showing him how it is used. On this time with a bullet (machine gun) through the knee joint, but it is coming around fine now, thanks to the diligent care of our doctors and nurses. They deserve great credit and praise, and they get it from us if from nobody else. If things keep as they are, these Hun's are now I think I will be eating my meals back in Westchester pretty soon.

Send the Yanks over in goodly numbers, and pretty soon we'll all be saying: "Good-by, France; O You Home-ways!" Then we will come home satisfied that we helped "make the world a better place for our nephews."

GERARD BUCKLEY.

BASE HOSPITAL 34, A. E. F. FRANCE, AUGUST 14.

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA FEASTS.

A Complaint That They Use Too Much Wheat and Sugar.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The old time dinners de luxe have entirely disappeared. The old time dinners de luxe have entirely disappeared. The old time dinners de luxe have entirely disappeared.

One of our metropolitan institutions, however, has so far escaped regulation. This is the more to be regretted because it can so easily be avoided. I refer to the luxurious afternoon teas as served in our leading hotels. There I am sure, no objection to the partaking of a refreshing cup of tea, but if it turns into a ceremonial feast with mountains of rich pastry a halt ought to be called.

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GRAYMOOR-IN-THE-WILDERNESS, September 20.

WHAT ONE HUMAN BEING HAS ESCAPED.

Life's Tenuous Hold Upon the Body Vividly Illustrated.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: In the *SUN* a few days ago I described my two remarkable escapes from death by incineration after I had gone to sleep with a lighted cigarette between my fingers.

I now feel it my duty to relate, through the medium of *The Sun*, other miraculous escapes, that I may increase the hope of the 15,000,000 men called to the colors in the recent selective draft. There will be a consoling deduction at the conclusion of these reminiscences, so I urge all draftees to read on to the end.

When I was 5 years old I got into the family medicine chest, with the result that I tasted the contents of a bottle of carbolic acid. The acid went down my throat, in response to an alarming squawk my mother thrust a handful of lard down my throat and I was well and unscathed when the doctor arrived.

When I was 12 years old I rolled over a precipice while wrestling with a companion at school. The fall was approximately forty feet. I landed in a bed of rock, my head striking a boulder in such a manner that I was rendered unconscious, but was revived after an hour, and continued my studies.

Entering Western Journalism at an early age, I followed the lead of celebrated frontier journalists and wrote in defiance of all libel laws. As a consequence I was known to be quick on the trigger and who had vowed to shoot me on sight. It is a matter of record that each of my pursuers met a violent death before he had a chance to carry out his threat. One was run down by a locomotive and the other was drowned.

On a rainy night, and in a locality well known in the progressive Western community of Kansas City and its seventy hills, I missed my footing at the top landing of a flight of ninety-two steps, and rolled headlong down a precipitous hillside. I was struck by the Silver Dollar bullet without assistance. (The Silver Dollar was so named because its artificially arranged tile floor was inlaid, at six inch intervals, with bright silver dollars. Several of these had once belonged to me.)

I have in my mind several accidents, each a head on collision, and in neither occurrence was a single injury reported. Two trains, which I had contemplated boarding, but which I missed by a few minutes, met with tragic results, entailing great loss of life.

On the whole, my adventures (now defunct) in Fort Worth, Tex., I was hit full in the right eye by a man of ponderous bulk. The blow measured me to the floor, and my assailant, thinking he had killed me, fled and has not been seen by me since that time. As a matter of fact, once I was on my feet, I arose and went to the wash stand, where I bathed my own wound, and then went home. I will admit, however, that on the following day the right side of my face looked as if it had been stepping six inch shells.

Compared with other adventures, my drop of five stories in a passenger elevator at Omaha, Neb., would hardly be worth mentioning were it not for the fact that the safety refused to work, and the stoppage of the car (apparently of its own accord) thirty feet above the cement floored basement was declared to be due to miraculous intervention.

Somewhat similar was the adventure in St. George's Canyon near Colorado Springs. In company with one Abraham Levy of Memphis, Tenn., I had gone to an elevation of 2,000 feet. I was astride a burro and we had begun the descent, over rocks, a ledge and a 2,000 feet of space below us, when my burro slipped over a broad rock. Understand, the burro did not lose his footing. A burro never does. But this burro, with only the ledge between us and the valley below, slid unerringly a distance of about a mile, landing at 500 feet. Of course I remained with the burro.

My last important adventure will recount a remarkably narrow escape, following a concerted attack of double pneumonia and delirium tremens. It was during my delirium that I was hit by a small globe of red light, which I mistook for a bullet. The globe, which I mistook for a bullet, was a small globe of red light, which I mistook for a bullet.

Therefore, one may call "skeddadle" to be a compound of "skid" (corrupt, "skid," sometimes also "skeddle"), to run hurriedly, and "addie," heedless or wild. Hence "skeddadle" means running hurriedly in a heedless and wild way, or in a saucy quick method. Q. E. D.

FRANK H. VITTELLI.